

DUCDAME

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BY P. R. BENNETT

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DUCDAME

DUCDAME

A Book of Verses

BY P. R. BENNETT

"What's that *duc dame*?"

"'Tis a Greek invocation, to call fools into a circle."

As You Like It, Act ii., Sc. 5.

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PREFACE

IF the title that I have borrowed from the master fool for this collection of my own little follies should by its implication offend the dignity of any hesitating purchaser, let me remind him that the term "fool" has a generous and saving ambiguity. It embraces both the wit and half-wit.

Yet it has, after all, enough precision to describe the kind of man who, with the price of a pound of beef-steak in his pocket, has the hardiness to exchange it for a few ounces of printed paper.

As a sound democrat, I have done my best to cater for both species of this genus.

My thanks are due to the Editors of *The Daily Sketch*, *The Manchester Guardian*, and *The Idler*, who have kindly allowed me to reprint what has appeared in their pages, and my apologies to the poets whose metres I have tampered with.

BIRCH VALE,
June, 1912.

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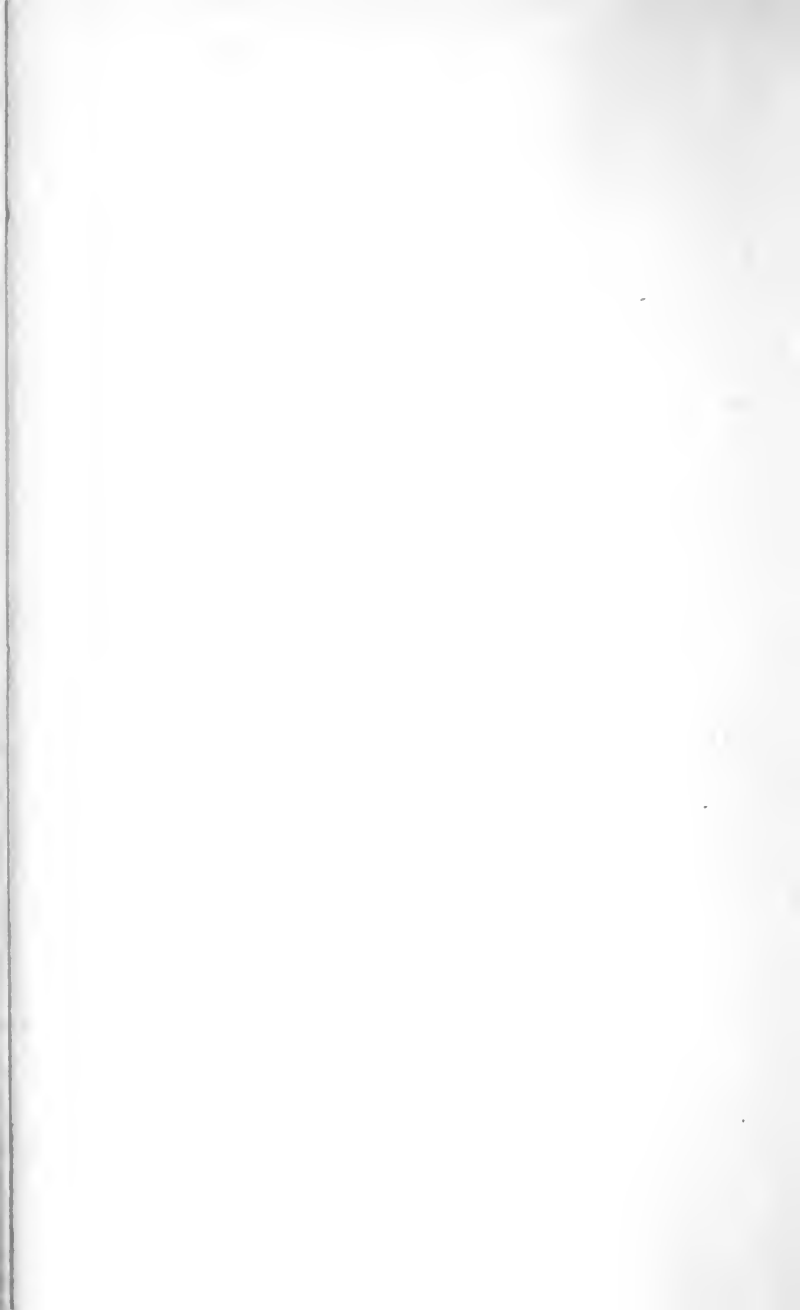
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VAIN WISHES

AN ADAPTATION FROM HEINE

Oh, would my song were a tiny flower,
With perfume soft and rare!
I'd send it to my lady's bower
To shed its fragrance there.

Oh, would my songs were kisses sweet !
In silent haste they'd race,
And one by one in rapture meet
My dearest lady's face.

Oh, would my songs were bread and cheese
And a pot of good brown ale
(Say a pint at least) ! On a right good feast
To-night would I regale.

STARSHINE

[A steady look at the stars is recommended by a writer in the *Spectator* as the most soothing anodyne to pride and self-esteem unjustly bruised. "After communing with our friends the stars," he says, "the petty worries of which every life has a full share appear too insignificant to be worth troubling about."]

WHEN we're tried with some torturing trouble
And wearily wait for the worst,
Believing our life is a bubble—
A bubble that better were burst,
When the Muse is a maid that repels us,
When Jove is a jester that jars,
Then some generous gentleman tells us
To stare at the stars.

WHEN our minds are enmeshed in misfortune,
When we feel that we're being ill-used,
When our duns are too prone to importune,
When dignity's battered and bruised,
Let us sample this new panacea
For pain, by examining Mars
And, provided the evening is clear,
The rest of the stars.

Will they rush from the skies to assist us
And bring us some boon from above?
Will they ruin the rogues that resist us?
Or plead with the lady we love?

Will they grant us a new constitution
 Like a set of benevolent Tsars?
 Will they offer the least contribution,
 These wonderful stars ?

Not they. But the man who draws morals
 From everything round him, may see
 Since they never care for our quarrels
 It follows that neither should we.
 So he sits in his cell with submission
 And patiently peeps through the bars,
 Ignoring all human ambition,
 For so do the stars.

ARMCHAIR PHILOSOPHY

[“ One of those compensations that go far towards redressing the balance of life lies in the fact that, ordinarily, the darker the actual, the brighter shines the ideal.”—*Christian World*.]

WHAT a blessing it is when the world seems amiss
To chance on a cheery old chappie
Who chirps out such comforting doctrines as this—
That everyone's equally happy.

When the starving idealist stalks unemployed
Through the streets of an opulent city,
Consider the dainties his soul has enjoyed,
And you'll envy him rather than pity.

Though his base and material belly's unfilled
And his actual back lacks attire,
Remember beneficent Nature has willed
He shall dream of delights that are higher.

So cheer up, my lads, don't give way to despair,
Still less to unrest or resistance ;
When evil appears just sit down in a chair
And argue it out of existence.

IN VINO VERITAS

[A literary critic is defending Omar Khayyám's character for sobriety, on the ground that when he used the word "wine" he meant "truth"; the "cup," on a similar principle, denoting the universe; and the "tavern," the soul of the philosopher. He used these somewhat misleading terms so as to hide his message from all but the elect who were fit to receive it.]

THE Chant that charms the Unregenerate
In search of cheer within the Tavern Gate
 May e'en rejoice the strict Abstainer, too,
Who has the proper skill to annotate.

Thus, when the Sinful Songster says he sups,
His sober but devout disciple ups
 And straightway sees the philosophic Worlds
He hides behind the coarser title—Cups.

The very Tavern, which, upon the whole,
Performs, perhaps, the most important *rôle*
 Within his drama, is an Idiom
That should be, properly translated, Soul.

And then that so seductive Jug of Wine,
The cautious critic reads between the line,
 And finds to be a Persian Phrase for Truth.
Ah! Well may that our cheeks incarnadine.

The Book of Verses is, in point of fact,
A Hymn-book, and the Loaf of Bread a Tract,
And Thou-beside-me-in-the-Wilderness
A Temp'rance Lecturer, to be exact.

Thus does the eager annotator go
And make the bard's fame two-fold at a blow ;
Nor, if the Abstinent find Pleasure there,
Will any have the heart to say them No.

Yet when the Shade of him who bade us Drink !
O'erhears his mandate paraphrased as Think !
Meseems there flits across his spirit face
The Ghost of (dare I say the word ?) a Wink.

The moving singer writes, and having writ,
Though neither Learning, Piety, nor Wit
May do so much as cancel half a line,
They may at any rate interpret it.

THE CITY OF CLASS

WITH APOLOGIES TO MR. R—— K——

*There's a plain where the rain never pours—a bleak and unique bit of
land,
No ship makes a trip to her shores, or sails full of bales from her
strand—
A place where a race went the pace, with no one but Allah to know it—
A shocking sad case of disgrace—a dream of a theme for a poet.*

THEIR bard tried to shake and bestir them without
satisfaction—

Tried hard to awake and to spur them to out-and-out
action ;

He beat out a metre replete with feet, without number,
With all sorts of rhymes, at odd times, to arouse them
from slumber.

He begged them to exercise thrift and to save all
expenses,

And egged them to spend a lot more on their naval
defences.

Then some of them said in a minute: “Lo! here is a
prophet,”

And some: “Though there's wisdom within it, we'd
think better of it,

If he who has fought, and has toiled, and has starved in
an attic

Could feel that his chance of a meal, sir, were less problematic."

Then he said: "Why go lusting for bread, O ye snipe of the gutter?"

Do the sons of the Huns load their guns up with buns and with butter?

Will the powder ye bake with cause Europe to quake with anxiety?

Can ye pelt your invaders with pellets of bread with propriety?

Very well, then. Enough. I have said." Then the people divided,

And some called for guns without bread, while the others decided

In favour of bread without guns, and this led to estrangement,

For nobody thought of the obvious working arrangement.

* * * * *

Then there arose from the water a portent and terror.

Men, like their foes, gave no quarter; they thought it an error.

They conquered the land, and then, for some reason unknown,

They spread it with sand and left it severely alone.

ANY HUSBAND TO ANY WIFE

[He had seen it urged that as regarded divorce the two sexes should be placed on an absolute equality, as in Scotland. This did not seem to him to be altogether in accordance with biological knowledge. What was decided amongst the prehistoric protozoa could not be annulled by Act of Parliament.—SIR JAMES CRICHTON-BROWNE.]

LISTEN, dearest, I have noticed
Indications of a protest
Against the present laws affecting wives
On the part of certain clever,
Restless women, who endeavour
To chafe against what they describe as gyves.

Now, I don't believe in preaching,
But we must regard the teaching
Of the people who have studied Nature's laws,
And before we bid defiance
To the settled facts of science
We ought, if we have wisdom, dear, to pause.

The conditions that have guided
Human nature were decided
For ever long before the days of Noah,
And you have to regulate your
Conduct by the laws that Nature
Laid down for prehistoric protozoa.

10 Any Husband to any Wife

And of all the famous sages
Who contribute to the pages
Of *Science Day by Day* or *Nature Notes*,
Not one of them can show a
Case of female protozoa
Having ever claimed equality or votes.

What is that you're asking? "Rather
Did the protozoan father
Scatter ashes from the end of his cigar
On the carpet?" Cruel ogress!
Would you put an end to progress?
You must not press analogies too far.

DANGEROUS BEASTS

NO. I.—THE GIFT-HORSE

I do not doubt the very least
That if you took each savage beast,
And made them answer one by one
For all the damage they had done—
The worst, I'll undertake to say,
Of all the wilder beasts of prey
Would have considerably less
Upon his conscience to confess
Than that comparatively mute,
Inglorious, harmless-looking brute,
The *Gift-Horse*, crammed up with deceit
As full as any egg of meat.

If every dark and melancholy
And superstitious piece of folly
That ever yet has helped to blind
An over-credulous mankind—
If every piece of cheap advice,
That would be dear at any price,
Were passed before us in review,
We shouldn't find one more untrue
Than that which tells us that we must
Accept the animal on trust.

Dangerous Beasts

Protected by this magic charm,
 That keeps him safe from any harm,
 The *Gift-Horse* goes a-galloping
 Throughout our land like anything.
 As old as Troy, this foe to truth
 Continually renews his youth.
 And every other day he tries
 Some new and unsuspected guise—
 Some wondrous bargain free of cost :
 The man who takes him in is lost.
 If you should meet the *Gift-Horse*, get
 Him well examined by the vet.

NO. 2.—THE DILEMMA

This is a most uncanny creature.
 His principal outstanding feature
 Consists of two terrific horns ;
 And nobody who's yet been born's
 Been able to obtain a dim
 Idea of the rest of him.

* * * *

For anything that's really known
 He may consist of horns alone.

And though he is a fearsome sight
 And fills the common mind with fright,
 He can be tamed and made to serve
 A man who has an iron nerve.
 No politician who is cute
 Is ever seen without the brute ;

He meets his foes without a tremor
If he has got a good dilemma.

And when a deputation brings
Him face to face with awkward things,
And tries to set his teeth on edge
By asking him to keep some pledge,
He shakes them warmly by the hand,
Says: "I am yours to command,"
And doesn't mind a bit, you bet—
He simply whistles to his pet.

And as the creature comes to heel
He asks his visitors to feel
His points, and strongly recommends
Their strength and beauty to his friends,
And says: "The only question is:
Which will you have—*that horn or this?*"

* * * *

He doesn't find that many men
Come back to bother him again.

NO. 3.—THE GENIUS

["Genius consists in separating truth from falsehood. That is why great men are plagiarists."—"VANOC" in *The Referee*.]

When men of talent rack their brains
Hoping by dint of taking pains
To carve, perchance, a tiny name
Upon the temple walls of fame,
The genius in ambush lurks
And overhauls their little works,

Dangerous Beasts

Assesses, estimates, and sifts,
And then incontinently lifts,
Without the slightest show of ruth,
Whatever they contain of truth,
Conveying with consuming care
A sentence here, a sentence there,
And building on the stuff he's scissored
The reputation of a wizard.
'Tis not for mortals to resent
So delicate a compliment,
But theirs it is to delve the soil
With stern and unremitting toil.
Theirs to prepare the stubborn ground,
And if some gem there should be found
Worthy of the Immortal's choice,
Why, then, they should, of course, rejoice
What time the Great One sets the Thames
Alight with fire from stolen gems,
And, though it mayn't occur to us
To recognize the genius
Of any passing 'pad who comes
Along and pockets all our plums,
It wouldn't do for you and me
To argue with a Referee.

HYMN TO NATURE

[*Paris, Sunday.*—"The recent visitation seems likely to prove in many respects a blessing in disguise. . . . The disaster has had a notable chastening and humbling influence on public sentiment."—*Daily Paper.*]

WHEN Nature starts addressing
Herself unto the task
Of furnishing a blessing
In which her sons may bask,
Guileless and open-handed
At times she brings her prize,
At other times, less candid,
She wraps it in disguise.

And though she simply smothers
Some men with obvious wealth,
She compensates the others
By (shall we call it?) stealth.
Beneath a cloak concealing
Her inward gentleness,
She brings the humble feeling
That follows on distress.

Her kind intent dissembling
Behind a subtle frown,
She sets the earth a-trembling,
And ruins half a town.

Hymn to Nature

Yet people who examine
These gifts with seeing eyes,
Hold landslip, flood, and famine
As blessings in disguise.

Let those who like it thank her
For all this tender care.
Myself, I do not hanker
At all to have a share.
I'm not above confessing
I fail to recognize,
The value of a blessing
That comes in such disguise.

A REGULAR GREEK

["The Sunday black coat is the working man's badge of respectability. . . . That black coat is a mark of self-respect. Religion is seen to be helping the man to the Greek ideals of 'self-knowledge, self-reverence, self-control.'"—*Manchester Guardian*.]

THERE'S nothing I love half so well
As a touch of the antique ;
It makes you feel an awful swell—
A regular right-down Greek.

You had to go, I thought at first,
To some expensive college,
And cram your head till it's fit to burst
With a lot of useless knowledge.

When I found the Greeks were never known
To take the pains to speak
In any language but their own,
I resolved to be a Greek.

But then I thought their costumes were
Just a little bit—well—chilly ;
They might be banned in Manchester—
Some people are so silly.

A Regular Greek

But soon I read about a real-
Ly neat way out of that :
“ The way to approach the Greek ideal
Is to wear a good top-hat.”

“ Eureka !” I remarked, “ Eureka !”
“ I’m going to have a try
To be a really tiptop Greek, or
I’ll know the reason why.”

So I bought a black Prince Albert coat,
And a thoroughly nobby tile,
And black kid gloves, for a five-pound note,
And did the thing in style.

Past the coal-black statues in the Square
Of my coal-black native town
I go to a coal-black church that’s there,
Full of kudos (that’s renown).

At the P.S.A.’s and the P.W.E.’s
You can hear my black boots squeak ;
I’m a regular Alcibiades—
A regular tiptop Greek.

ON EDUCATION

ITS ADVANTAGES

[The students at Ruskin College, all working men, and most of them supported by their trade unions, are on strike. Some time since it was suggested that the study of English literature and temperance should be substituted for sociology and evolution. Mr. Dennis Hird, the principal, a writer on sociology and evolution, has been asked by the authorities to hand in his resignation."—*Daily Paper*.]

WHEN all the swells political
Come asking for our vote,
We're nothing if not critical,
You bet we make a note.

We make a short analysis
Of everything that tells,
And I unto my pal I says :
We'll talk like that oursel's.

It makes you very bitter 'at you're
Not brought up same as them.
And it isn't English literature—
If that was it, they'd clem.

It's just the scientific like
Manner of these M.P.'s
That makes 'em so terrific like,
And puts 'em at their ease.

On Education

This ikey kind of knowledge is
 A handy sort of thing.
 We'll send our sons to colleges
 And have 'em taught the swing,

And tell 'em : We expect you all
 To study with intent
 Of being intellectual
 And going to Parliament.

But if they say sobriety
 And the Anglo-Saxon tongue
 Are learnt in high society,
 You tell 'em to be hung !

You've paid for sociologies
 And evolution like,
 So get that at your colleges
 Or else go out on strike.

ITS METHODS

[“ The removal of troublesome teeth and enlarged tonsils,”
 says a doctor, “ has in certain cases afforded a remedy for moral
 waywardness.”]

Come hither, little Jack, and see
 What wisdom I'll impart to thee.

Let it be clearly understood
 The argument for being good
 To-day is every bit as strong
 As ever it was when I was young.

You mustn't play with cards, or bet
Or take your father's cigarette
To smoke, or even less, to chew.
You mustn't speak till you're spoken to.
You mustn't write with your elbows out,
You mustn't whisper, mustn't shout,
Or drink between your meals, or swear,
Or pull your little sister's hair,
Or tease the puppy till it yelps.
You mustn't ask for several helps
Of gooseberry-tart or ginger-ale.
You mustn't pinch the kitten's tail,
Or disagree with your parent's views.
You mustn't forget to scrape your shoes.
You mustn't waken up at night,
And, even though the sun is bright
In summer-time, you mustn't knock
Me up at 4 a.m. o'clock.
For these misdeeds are nothing less
Than signs of moral waywardness.
And though you may have noticed, thanks
To Science, no one ever spansks,
Yet Science has found other ways
Of dealing with them nowadays,
For Science ruthlessly corrects
These amongst other small defects
That mar the morals of a youth
By taking out a corner tooth.
And if he still makes no responsals,
Then Science nips him by the tonsils.

ITS MATERIAL

["The man who succeeds in one profession was usually intended for another."—*Daily Paper*.]

Suppose your boy begins to talk a month or two too young,

And has an argumentative and subtle little tongue ;

Suppose he asks you questions till you don't know where you are,

And seems to be intended for the Bar—

It's ten to one he'll shine

In quite another line ;

He'll just as likely be

A lawyer of the sea :

For Britain's been defended well by many a gallant tar
Who clearly was intended for the Bar.

Suppose he shows an aptitude for making pennies breed,

And everyone declares that he is certain to succeed

At something in the City, for he's evidently made

To knock a mint of money up in trade—

He's just as likely then

To make it with his pen—

A famous novelist—

For authors do exist

And make a more than modest mint of money, I'm afraid,

When nature must have moulded them for trade.

Or what if, on the other hand, the little fellow's mind
Is clearly bent on—(let us call it fiction and be kind)?

Suppose that his imaginative flair for fairy-tales
Points clearly to a case of record sales :

His relish for romance
May finish in finance
And underwriting shares.
There have been millionaires

Who've finished up with fortunes at which calculation
quails,
Whose talent lay in telling fairy-tales.

ITS OMISSIONS

[At a conference of teachers in Preston, one head-master, who had placed a box in his school in which the children were invited to put any questions they wanted answering, gave some amusing examples of the questions asked, one of these being, " Why do we wink ?"]

We estimated all the nation's capital and brought
To bear upon the subject an immense amount of thought,
Arriving in conclusion at this epoch-making truth :
The nation's greatest asset is its youth.

So went to work with vigour,
With a view to make it bigger,
On a scheme of education
For the rising generation.

We went to work with wondrous unanimity and will
To make that precious asset greater still.

We taught them all the imports and the exports of Peru,
We taught them English history as far as Waterloo,
We taught them quite a lot of very interesting things
About the lives of many of our kings.

On Education

Then resolutely turning
To the higher forms of learning,
We set ourselves to hammer
In the elements of grammar,
And placed them on the ladder that should lead them to
the stars
By teaching every one of them to parse.

We taught them weights our fathers used for rarer kinds
of metal
And the estimated height (in feet) of Popocatepetl,
We taught them how to emulate the busy bulls and
bears
In reckoning the brokerage on shares.
We loaded up these children
With a really bewild'rin'
Amount of erudition,
But we made one slight omission,
And it seems to have caused one of them most furiously
to think—
We quite forgot to tell them why we wink.

THE MAN ON THE SPOT

[“The safe rule is to trust the man on the spot.”—*Daily Paper.*]

WHEN difficult situations come,
And you find yourself struck nearly dumb,
And you're altogether at a loss
To solve some problem you've come across,
There are one or two simple rules of life
That save you a deal of useless strife;
For nobody ever need be afraid
If he's well fitted up with a ready-made
Little code of universal law
In the crystalline form of an ancient saw.
And the handiest saw of all the lot
Is: “Trust to the man who's on the spot.”

This “Trust to the man who's on the spot,”
Like good old Charity, covers a lot.
And whether it's white men bullying niggers,
Or limited companies cooking figures,
Or Cabinet Ministers making *ententes*
And foreign alliances nobody wants,
Or somebody raising the price of beer,
Whatever you do, don't interfere.

The Man on the Spot

You'll find that everything's right if you'll
But stick to this excellent golden rule.
You needn't trouble yourself a jot
But trust to the man who's on the spot.

If you waken up in a terrible fright
In your sleep in the middle of the night,
And you're half afraid there's a person whom
You've never met in your dining-room,
And you're feeling fidgety as to the state
Of your forks and spoons and your silver plate,
Why give way to unworthy cares?
Trust the man at the foot of the stairs.
He's on the spot, and he knows best,
So don't let anything spoil your rest.
Who on earth can you trust, if not
The man who happens to be on the spot?

PLEASANT PROFESSIONS

THE SMILER

[“ Mr. Pett Ridge said the life of the working girl needed brightening. He thought there ought to be a public official, who was extremely amiable and well paid, who should go round to the factories and smile continually and encouragingly on the girl workers.”—*Daily Paper*.]

THERE are very few professions full of greater promise
than

This pleasant occupation for an amiable man—

To draw a handsome salary and look extremely sweet,
And walk around the factories to give the girls a treat,
To feel that you are being paid for every little smile
On a scale that makes it very well worth while.

Then, looking at the matter from another point of view,
Just think of all the extra work these lucky girls would do.
If only Mr. Pett Ridge can persuade the powers that be
To create a few such jobs as this and give them you
and me,

The busy girls would work away for all that they were
worth

If only we displayed sufficient mirth.

Then every merry glance of ours would give them extra
power,

Add six or seven minutes on to every working hour,

By smiling in a bright enough and cheery sort of way
We'd help them weave an extra yard of cloth or two a
day,

Or make another dozen box of matches, or insert
The button-holes in one more fancy shirt.

And things would hum like anything, unless by some
remote

Contingency they came into possession of a vote,
And used that vote unfairly and incontinently went
And rushed a revolutionary Act of Parliament
Enabling them to walk about the factory and smirk
While you and I did all the beastly work.

DOMESTIC PETS

THE CONSCIENCE

[A lady journalist, who feels "compelled by the exigencies of circumstance to write twaddle," has confessed that in order to placate her literary conscience she daily writes a paragraph, inspired by and dedicated to her own soul, thus keeping her pen clean.]

I HAVE a little conscience
No bigger than my thumb ;
One of those sound and staunch 'uns
That are not quarrelsome.

I take it in my pocket
Where'er I chance to go,
And though I often shock it—
Not very much, you know—

I never long to smother
The conscience I have wronged ;
Or strangle it, as other
Less happy girls have longed.

Though frequently, I own, it
Gets quite a little fright
And barks, I've never known it
To go so far as bite.

Domestic Pets

It's not one of that funny
Extravagant old kind
That runs you into money
Such as you sometimes find.

I know a never-failing
But inexpensive treat
To give it when it's ailing
And keep it's temper sweet.

Some people eat a tidy
Amount of trout, to cure
Their consciences, on Friday ;
Or pay calls on the poor.

But mine—well, I requite it
In quite a simple way ;
I just sit down and write it
A paragraph a day.

THE KNIGHTES TALE

[A correspondent writes to a contemporary, saying, that before giving up his seat to a lady he first asks her if she is a suffragist. If the answer is in the affirmative, he retains his seat.]

BEFEL that, as I entered on a traine
That on its journeying did long remaine,
I chanced upon a companye courageous
On Caunterbury bent, by easy stages.

A *knighte* ther was, a parfait gentilman,
That fro the tyme that he first began
To spoken out, he talked of chivalrye ;
He was the verray flower of curteisye,

And, not content with deeds of gentilnesse,
He sette them down in letters to the presse,
No Christen man so ofte of his degree
Had done nor spoken of such deeds as he ;

For, did a mayden fail to find a seate
And start her journey standing on her feete
If so be that her eyes were brighte and gay,
And she as fresh as is the month of May

And young, and if her gowne were fair to see,
And no mean varlet of a low degree
Sate near, or any whom he might persuade
To stand up for so beauteous a mayde,

Then would he doff his hatte with knightlye grace
And, ere he offered to give up his place,
Engage in gentil speech with her to finde
If her fair bodye held so fair a minde.

And when the damozel had sayde her say
Upon the leading questions of the day,
If so be that the colour of her views
Were such as he himself would surely choose,

As who should say that woman must not mix
With manlye matters such as politicks,
Then would the knighte right gallantlye entreate
The mayde to accept the offer of his seate,

What tyme the pilgrims marvelled at the sighte
Of such a verray parfait gentil knighte.
Nor, whyle he liveth, shall the lowly-bred
Say that the age of chivalrye be dead.

CRITICAL CASES

NO. 1.—THE NON-CONTROVERSIALIST

[“ There is enough non-controversial matter in his poems to make them worth reading.”—*Vanity Fair*.]

No poet worth his salt should sing
Of any controversial thing.
His facts must be beyond dispute,
His sentiments must follow suit ;
For should his too seductive muse
Entice him to express his views
On any theme that may present
An opening for argument,
He'll find his path beset with thorns—
These critics have such tender corns.

He may not, as men did of yore,
Find music in the battle's roar ;
He may not sing of war's alarms ;
He may not mention men-at-arms.
These topics are forbidden, for
We don't all think alike on war.

To hymn the pleasures of the chase
Is similarly out of place.
And then I needn't say how wrong
It is to write a drinking song.

Critical Cases

And even when he wields his pen,
 As poets will do now and then,
 To eulogize his lady fair,
 He has to take the greatest care.
 He may not in his eagerness
 So much as overrate one tress,
 For any inexactitude
 Must diligently be eschewed
 As tending to degenerate
 Into a matter for debate.

Nay, rather let him intersperse,
 As far as possible, his verse
 With matters of undoubted fact
 Incontrovertibly exact.
 Thus shall he sing that two and two
 Make four, while critics say "How true !"

And if they only find enough
 Of this non-controversial stuff,
 Then shall the budding poet be
 Endowed with immortality.

No. 2.—THE ANARCHIST

[A critic in the *New Age* suggests that modern thought can submit no longer to the tyranny of rhyme and metre.]

Ravachol Needham was a man of letters,
 Who refused to submit to the wretched fetters
 That sought by rules of rhyme and scansion
 To prevent his soaring soul's expansion.

He had languished long on a dismal sonnet
And wasted his eagle spirit on it,
Till the poor old bird had been imprisoned
So long that it grew depressed and wizened,
Drooped its feathers and nearly moulted,
Could stand it no longer—and then revolted.

He rent his regular rhymes asunder
And cried to Heaven in a voice of thunder :
“ From now henceforth I intend to go it
As a go-as-I-jolly-well-please prose poet.”
He spread his wings as he gaily rose
On the relatively free fresh winds of prose,
And revelled in the rapture of rhymeless reason,
Soaking his soul in the same for a season.
He offered to match his prose style any day
Against such masters as Mr. Bart Kennedy,
And even modelled a few of his speeches
On an English translation of a book of Nietzsche's.

But a man's no better than a servile helot if
He doesn't understand that Freedom's relative,
And Liberty's a man-destroying ogress
If she isn't prepared for continual progress.

He soon discovered that the chains of syntax
Were chafing his mind like a thousand tin-tacks.
So he set to work with tongs and hammer
And freed himself from the gyves of grammar ;
He expressed his message with astonishing rapidity ;
What he lost in form he gained in fluidity.

But after a time it seemed absurd
 To imprison his meaning in a wooden word ;
 For what are words, after all, but traps
 Set by the tyranny of other chaps,—
 Cages from which they refuse to free us,
 Ready-made coffins for dead ideas.
 So he started on a course of total abstention
 From any such cut-and-dried convention,
 And poured out his soul in a gorgeous brand—
 New language that none could understand.
 And that was the way that Ravachol Needham
 Attained in the end to perfect freedom.

NO. 3.—THE INTENSIVE CULTURIST

["J. E. A.," of the *Manchester Guardian*, in his appreciation of Maud Allan's dancing at a Salford theatre, quoted or made reference to Whistler, Beethoven, Watts, Richard Strauss, Henry James, Nietzsche, Joseph Conrad, Ruskin, Burne-Jones, Wilde, Beardsley, Pater, Huysmans, and Baudelaire.]

If you want to interpret the riddle that is to-day
 Known by the name of the classical dance——

CHORUS : Yes, yes, yes, yes ?

Don't go further back than the day before yesterday,
 Turn on the limelight of modern romance.

CHORUS : Yes, yes, yes, yes.

Under its glamour you'll then be expected to
 View the Pre-Raphaelite brother, Burne-Jones,
 And all the fantastics that Nordau objected to ;
 Gentle old Ruskin who wrote about stones ;

Whistler, the wit, with his friends always quarrelling ;
Nietzsche, the preacher, so fond of non-moraling ;
Conrad, whose tales of the sea are so tragical ;
Music of Beethoven, mighty and magical ;
Huysmans and Baudelaire, pink as a strawberry ;
Lines from designs of unfortunate Aubrey
Beardsley, the weird, sly, precocious young child ;
Traits from the plays of the whimsical Wilde,
Teaching the proverbs to stand on their head,
Strauss, whose strange strains would awaken the dead ;
Watts allegorical, James analytical,
Pater the oracle, graceful and critical.
Take of these notables all that is quotable ;
Shake 'em all up till the mixture is potable ;
Scatter this mystical essence intense
On a charming young lady of average sense.

CHORUS : No ! no !! no !!! no !!!!

Art and philosophy, thoughts on eternity,
Poetry more or less filled with modernity ;
Aided by these you'll explain in a trice
A classical dance that is really quite nice.
And if one or two Philistines don't understand——

CHORUS : No, no, no, no.

They'll still go to see it as long as it's banned.

CHORUS : Yes, yes, yes, yes.

NO. 4.—THE PANIC-MONGER

[“ For Pan is worse than dead—he is domesticated. He has become a popular pet.”—MR. DIXON SCOTT in the *Manchester Guardian*.]

Pan, this is scandalous—quite inexpressible !

Pan, this is really rather too much.

You that I always revered as accessible

Only to scholarly gipsies and such—

Poets and men of discriminate taste.

This is too bad of you, Pan ; you’re disgraced.

Sadly I mind how I wept at the premature

News of your death, and submissively penned

Ponderous funeral odes by the ream at your

Desolate shrine as your sorrowing friend.

Nor, if my memory serves, was my grief

Wholly unmixed with a certain relief.

Feeling a trifle more fervour than formerly,

Now you had finally vanished from earth,

Freely I lauded with other abnormally

Gifted admirers your classical mirth,

Only to find, to my bitter regret,

You were alive, and a popular pet.

Commonplace Philistine gardens already bear

Prints of your cloven ubiquitous hoof,

Grinning like any unreticent Teddy Bear,

Now you are found under everyone’s roof,

Cracking some hoary old classical joke.

Pan, is this fair to superior folk ?

THE STUDENT TO HIS LOVE

AFTER AN OVERDOSE OF MODERN LOVE-LORE

Love is a cosmic force,
Merely a kind of tether,
Just a matter of course,
Binding the world together.

Love binds atoms and us,
Suns and planets the same.
When one looks at it thus,
Love is an empty name.

Only a shorthand sign
Meaning that things cohere.
Tell me, O sweetheart mine!
Why should we hold love dear?

Love is an abstract noun
As Time, or Space, or Bliss.
Why should we two fall down
Worshipping nouns like this?

You are a being apart—
Wonderful, one, unique.
Believe me, heart of my heart,
'Tis you, not love, that I seek.

A PETITION

[“The responsibility for the safety of the Tsar appears to be too much for the nerves of the officers in command of the escorting warships. The British steamer *Woodburn* was passing the Russian Imperial Squadron, with a cargo of wood, on Thursday, when she was fired at. Five shells struck her, and one of the crew was wounded.”—*Daily Paper*.]

MIGHTY Nicholas, whose saintly
Life and actions lesser men
Can but echo rather faintly
Now and then,

We have heard about the way you
Keep your people's heart so true,
How your lieges who obey you
Love you too ;

How they call you Little Father,
As they worship at your feet—
Also other names I'd rather
Not repeat.

And we hear how they are using
Every precaution, lest
They should run a risk of losing
One so blest ;

How they guard against this danger
Strenuously day and night,
Promptly shooting any stranger
Within sight.

Naturally they are nervous
At the thought of losing you.
We are also (Heaven preserve us !)
Nervous, too.

For we hear you're going to visit
Britain's shores with all your suite.
When we're both so nervous, is it
Wise to meet ?

Nicholas, accept our greeting
Through the post, to save mishap.
Couldn't you postpone this meeting ?
Do, old chap !

A WORD TO THE WISE

[“The Tsar Nicholas and I agreed that our meeting is to be regarded as a vigorous reinforcement of the cause of peace. (Loud cheers.) We feel ourselves, as monarchs, responsible to our God for the joys and sorrows of our peoples. . . . We will both, therefore, continually endeavour, as far as lies in our power, to work, with God’s help, for the furtherance and maintenance of peace. (Prolonged cheers.) Under this peace, sport can also, of course, reach its fullest development.”—KAISER WILHELM.]

OUR Merry Monarch Charles, I’ve read,
Was really too clever
For anything ; he seldom said
A foolish thing ; but never
Was known to do a wise one. You, O Kaiser,
Reverse the process—and perhaps it’s wiser.

You are not merry—but the cause
Of others’ merriment,
As witness Europe’s loud guffaws
At all the wires you’ve sent.
And yet you’ve done some decent legislation,
And taught us to respect the German nation.

We may not look at everything
Exactly eye to eye,
But still, you’re something like a King,
And, after all, you try,
In spite of your propensity for sermons,
To make the world a better place—for Germans.

And though your speeches may be droll
And pompous to excess,
You've ruled your country, on the whole,
With more or less success.
But isn't it a little bit ridiculous
To say the same about our old friend Nicholas ?

His peace is held a greater curse
Than any known before—
The sport it fosters even worse
Than any form of war.
For when the mighty Tsar of all the Russias
Goes shooting, every decent sportsman blushes.

We often come to you to learn
Good sense, although we chaff ;
So take this counsel in return
For many a hearty laugh :
Don't enter into compacts with old Nick.
We've done it, and it's made us very sick.

PATIENCE ON A THRONE.

[“The Greek revolutionists, after being driven from the arsenal at Salamis and taking possession of a torpedo flotilla, profess to have no design against the Throne, but King George has hinted that his forbearance has limits.”—*Daily Paper*.]

THE man who reads his history of any clime or age
Finds characters of potentates disfiguring each page,
 So touchy and so gingery
 That every little injury
Will send them flying off into a rage.

There are Emperors whose sense of their importance
 is so quaint
They consider even criticism cause for just complaint,
 And shoot a man for treason
 Without any rhyme or reason—
They have so little power of self-restraint.

And other lesser dignitaries lose their temper, too—
I could even point in dignified old England to a few
 Great families whose scions
 Roar as loud as any lions
When their little bill for income-tax falls due.

It's a comfort in this irritable century to find
 A monarch who if anything's a little bit inclined
 To carry toleration
 In the face of irritation
 To lengths that unkind people might call blind.

When a hot-headed young sea-dog (and you know
 what sea-dogs are)
 Runs off with his torpedo-boats, and starts a civil war,
 He doesn't lose his hair
 At so trivial an affair,
 But gently hints that things may go too far.

THE MATCHLESS CLEANSER

[The Italian "Futurists," who number many thousands, and are mainly literary men, journalists, and poets, hold that militarism must be exalted and great wars provoked, because war is the sole hygiene of the world, without which races putrefy.]

PHILOSOPHIC brother penmen,
Looking with delight
Forward to a future when men
All shall have to fight,

You whose fretful features harden
When you watch the weeds
Growing up in Peace's garden,
Choking all the seeds,

When you want to burn the rubbish
Born of sluggish Peace,
And, prevented by those tubbish
Men we call police,

Cry aloud for Armageddon
As the only cure,
Don't you think the ground you tread on
Rather insecure?

The Matchless Cleanser

47

Would it altogether suit your
Book, if, signors mine,
Fate arranged to mould the future
After your design ?

What if, with a view to weeding
Out the very worst,
She were to insist on leading
You to battle first ?

THE TRUE HISTORY OF GENTLE JANE

WITH APOLOGIES TO THE LATE SIR W. S. G.

[“One of the reasons why women age more quickly than men is that they cannot skylark as men do.”—*Daily Paper.*]

GENTLE JANE as a tiny tot
Was as well-behaved as I don't know what.

She never did any of those terrible things
Of which the poet in “Patience” sings ;

And even after she grew much bigger,
Increasing in mental and bodily vigour,

She still was about as circumspect
As anyone I can recollect.

She never developed a taste for smoke,
Or perpetrated a practical joke ;

She never attempted to rag or rot
Or went out shopping in a *jupe-culotte*,

Or sat on the committee of a ladies' club, or
Speculated in oil or rubber.

Playing for money at auction bridge
To her was an act of sacrilege—

The True History of Gentle Jane 49

If anything, rather more irrational
Than backing Lutteur III. for the National.

She never appeared, by any chance,
On a public stage in a classical dance ;

She never applied for a private latch-key
Or studied the doctrines of Madame Blavatsky.

She stuck to propriety, prunes, and prisms,
Had nothing to do with your socialisms ;

Nor felt in the least inclined to mix
In rowdy affairs like politics :

She never did anything half so heating
As interrupting a public meeting,

Nor even dreamt of such awful crimes
As bogus letters to the London *Times* ;

She never had to be fed by force,
But took her victuals as a matter of course.

* * * * *

In a world much better than this by far
She'd have married a Duke with a motor-car.

But there—it never does to quarrel
With facts : they're stubborn and quite immoral.

She lived her life out so demurely
That old age crept on prematurely

And carried her off, as I'm alive,
Before she'd lived to be twenty-five.

DRINKING SONG : NEW STYLE

[Speaking of the difficulties of the publicans, a solicitor explained in court that if they gave more than good measure they got into trouble with the licensing justices, and if they gave less they got into trouble with the municipal authorities. His client, however, who was charged with not filling the glasses quite up to the brim, was acquitted.]

IN olden days, upon the whole,
The landlord lived in clover,
He used to fill the flowing bowl
Until it did run over.

And if so be the ale was strong
Men greeted him with pleasure
Who dealt the liquor out in long
And overflowing measure.

But nowadays the public in
Its corporate capacity
Declares profusion is a sin
No less than mean rapacity.

So now he stays his hand profuse,
Nor dares to show defiance,
While careful constables reduce
His art into a science.

Drinking Song : New Style 51

So, landlord, pray be watchful where
The flowing stream thou stemmest,
And mete thy treasure out with care
As thou wert e'en a chemist.

Then prythee give no drop too much,
But if one jot or tittle
Thou errest, let it be a touch,
A tiny touch, too little.

A SONG OF TRAVEL

[Mr. Hilaire Belloc, addressing a fashionable assembly of literary ladies in Liverpool, explained that the advantage of travel was that by it one acquired the only permanent form of possession. All forms of culture were in their way but substitutes for travel. The disadvantage is that you seem odd to those who have not travelled. When you have struck a good inn, write down the name and continue to patronize it until it changes.]

THE man who never wanders
Over sea and land, but squanders
All his leisure in the country of his birth,
Misses all the finer touches
Of an education such as
Can't be gained by any other means on earth.

For the highly polished rover
Who has sailed the world all over
Has a *je ne sais quoi* added to his mind—
Some transcendent power that lifts him
To Olympus as it sifts him
From the common garden herd that stays behind.

It is even finer than a
Cultivated Oxford manner :
It's a liberal education in itself ;

And he towers like a steeple
Above the common people
Who stay at home a-rusting on the shelf.

But if anyone supposes
That it's all a bed of roses,
Let me tell him that my courage often ebbs
When I realize the danger
Of becoming such a stranger
To the customs and ideas of the plebs.

It's not easy to express it
To those who don't possess it
What a world of education lies between
The genuine globe trotter
And the ordinary rotter,
But—to give you an idea what I mean—

Suppose by some good chance I
Strike an inn that takes my fancy,
I make a note and go to it again.
Now, that's the kind of notion
That indicates the ocean
Dividing men like me from other men.

THE CARDINAL SIN

["There is no hope for men who do not boast that their wives bully them."—MR. G. K. CHESTERTON in the *Daily News*.]

LIVES there a man with soul so dead
Who never to his friends hath said :

"It is as much as my poor life
Is worth to disobey my wife.

When she and I are left alone
I dare not call my soul my own"?

The man who never talks like this
Will never know what Heaven is ;

For hope has died within his breast,
He's failed to pass the crucial test.

And though on other points his views
Are moulded by the *Daily News*—

Though other things that he has done
May be approved by Chesterton—

And though he sings like any bard
And loves to own his own backyard—

And though he lauds with brilliant grace
The virtues of the commonplace—

Explaining with a wit that shocks,
The joy of being orthodox,

The merry dance, the nut-brown beer,
And all the good old English cheer,

And overflows with every joy
Pertaining to a great big boy—

Although it sounds a little rough,
It seems these things are not enough,

For all his hope of bliss depends
On his explaining to his friends

The awful wiggling he will get
If he offends that martinette,

His wife. 'Tis thus his soul he'll save,
While she works on like any slave.

THE SORROWS OF A CENSOR

[“The Censor is ‘a plain man’ looking at matters in a plain way. This means that he has no literary bias, a tendency to Philistinism, and a taste which the fastidious would probably describe as Bœotian rather than Attic.”—MR. A. B. WALKLEY.]

A READER of plays in these strenuous days
Is truly an object for pity.
He’s something between a translating machine
And a vigilant Town Hall committee.
Each day he’s to read several plays at high speed,
And eliminate everything shady,
And see that the show is a thing you can go
To, with safety, and take your young lady.
It’s an awkward affair for a reader to rush
Thro’ a play and declare that it won’t bring one
blush
To the cheeks of a well-brought-up lady.

Then he’s bound to combine a scholarship fine
With the views of the typical pittite,
For the play may be Erse, or Gaelic, or worse,
It may be in Sanskrit or Hittite
Or Coptic or Swiss ; but don’t forget this
In whatever language it’s written—
Greek, Latin, or Dutch—it mustn’t be much

Too advanced for the average Briton.

Not everyone's able correctly to speak

Every language of Babel, from Gaelic to Greek,
And stick to the ethics of Britain.

Then the man in the street may be willing to meet

You half-way in a dig at a stranger
From some other land, but such plays must be banned
As possible sources of danger.

We mustn't make fun of our Allies, or one

Day they'll rise in their wrath and upbraid us,
While the least little joke would be sure to provoke
An unfriendly Power to invade us.

So the man that is blest with the Censor's sad
post

Must remember each jest may bring down a host
Of alien foes to invade us.

Then every wit who has written a skit,

And every Man with a Mission,

Whose play you have banned, is sure to demand

Your prompt and complete abolition.

You stand to be shot, while they give it you hot

(They're clever and epigrammatic),

And critics of culture fling this last insult: "You're
Bæotian rather than Attic."

It's more than a bit annoying to find

Some critical wit describing your mind

As Bæotian rather than Attic.

THE ETERNAL SPUR

[It has been suggested that the aged bards ought not to compete at the North Wales Eisteddfod, so as to give the young ones a chance.]

“You are old,” said the young to the elderly bard,
“And your ballads are growing old-fashioned,
Yet you’re making a living uncommonly hard
For men who are young and impassioned.

For the public has such a conservative taste
That, although it invites competition,
It sees that the youngsters are all of them placed
Below men of age and position.

You are taking a jolly lot more than your share
Of the limited public attention ;
Don’t you think, if you want to be perfectly fair,
That you ought to retire on a pension ?”

“When I was your age,” the old gentleman said,
“My work was surpassingly clever,
And I could have beaten you all on my head
Without any trouble whatever.

Yes, I could have beaten you easy enough
When I was a year or two younger,
But the wages I got when I wrote my best stuff
Gave me such a remarkable hunger
That it lasted me all of the rest of my life ;
And now that I'm old I'm afraid to
Retire from this now very lucrative strife
A minute before I am made to."

A NICE POINT

A CALF was idly wandering
About the fields in May ;
Pausing awhile for pondering,
Then turning to his play.

He gambolled gaily o'er the green,
But hesitated when
There chanced to come upon the scene
Two philosophic men.

Two thoughtful men on pleasure bent
Drew confidently near :
He gazed into their eyes and went
And shed a silent tear.

The poet, with a happy sigh,
Cried : "Tears, ah, what intense
Delight they bring to one of my
Supreme æsthetic sense !

Alive, he teaches me to feel
A fellow-creature's grief,
And dead, he furnishes my veal,
Or, living longer, beef."

"Not so," the man of science said.

"He cannot feel at all ;

This tear the animal has shed

Is quite mechanical.

This is a view of nature I've

Found full of hidden charms,

For I can cut him up alive

Without the slightest qualms."

And thus they held a hot dispute

Whose joy was more sincere ;

And as they talked the sorry brute

Shed yet another tear.

AN EPISTLE TO THE HEBREWS

[“A reason for the increased price of bacon is perhaps to be found in the fact that Jews are said to be becoming very large buyers.”—From an interview with MR. WILLIAM HARRIS in the *Daily Sketch*.]

Now, listen my excellent friends,
Accept my sincere salutations ;
Your wisdom undoubtedly lends
Its lustre to all other nations.

To the virtues that make for success
You are all irretrievably wedded.
You're sober, industrious—yes,
You're well-behaved, thrifty, hard-headed.

You sail to our shores in a throng
(As often as not in the steerage),
And before you've been here very long
You turn up again in the Peerage.

As Mr. H. Belloc explains,
Our nobility's blood may be bluish,
But when we examine its brains
We find they are most of them Jewish.

An Epistle to the Hebrews 63

The fellow who fancies Free Trade,
The person who plumps for Protection,
The Socialist, too, flies for aid
To you and your kindly direction.

Don't think we object. We require
All the help we can get from such virtue.
We haven't the slightest desire
To lift up a finger to hurt you.

But we hear you've gone in for a new
Activity now, and we're sadly
Afraid, should it prove to be true,
We shall take it uncommonly badly.

We've hitherto taken a pride
In at any rate saving our bacon ;
But the rules that you used to abide
By have have been, so they tell us, forsaken.

And pigs are beginning to fly,
For you're eating up bacon and ham in
Large quantities, so that the high
Prohibitive price points to famine.

Take my word for it. Don't be too rough
On us. Leave us our bacon at least :
A word to the wise is enough,
And enough is as good as a feast.

LINES TO THE SUB-EDITOR

[Of a certain daily paper, who headed the account of the discovery of a new and scarcely visible comet with the line, "Amazing Comet,"]

O HAPPY one, whose daily toil
Consists of one unending series
Of sweet surprises naught can spoil,
Whose sense of wonder never wearies,

Unspotted by the world, you stand
(Or sit) within the magic portals
Of that romantic wonderland
Unseen by ordinary mortals,

Where little things, that seem to us
Untainted with the least suspicion
Of anything miraculous
Because of constant repetition,

To your unsullied gaze appear
Fit subjects for the sort of wonder
We usually reserve for near
And unexpected claps of thunder.

The all-to-frequent sordid batch
 Of cases at the Quarter Sessions ;
 The latest Grimsby herring-catch ;
 The Kaiser's usual indiscretions ;

Your party's gains throughout the land ;
 The other party's plan for raising
 The necessary cash in hand—
 Are one and all of them "amazing !"

And even little comets, that
 We fail to see with our myopic,
 Defective vision, floor you flat
 As still one more "amazing" topic.

Be merciful as you are blest
 With all this power of admiration,
 Give the poor epithet a rest,
 And let *us* have a new sensation.

MANNERS FOR MAGISTRATES

[“ You know you jumped on your wife,” said a magistrate in the South-Western Police Court to a prisoner, “ and you are a big powerful fellow. You have also broken her jaw, but I am sure you are a good sort of chap as a rule. I will fine you twenty shillings.”]

SOME magistrates are very fierce
And set a horrid fashion
Of trying sinful souls to pierce
With sarcasm and passion.
This magisterial abuse
Is really not a bit of use.

Some beaks, again, are proud and stiff
And scatter Justice blindly.
They never seem to think that if
They'd speak a little kindly
And cheer a prisoner up they could
Be quite an influence for good:

The best and only way to deal
With prisoners with propriety,
Is not to make the fellows feel
Like outcasts from society.
A little tact should be applied
To bring out all their better side.

You needn't make a person's life
 A miniature hell on
 Earth, because he beats his wife,
 Nor stamp the man a felon.
 Show him the error of his ways
 By finding some good point to praise.

Say : " Dear old man, you here again !
 Come, don't look so unhappy ;
 It's good to see you now and then.
 Well, how's the wife, old chappie ?
 A bit knocked up ? Tut, tut, old friend,
 Let's hope she'll very quickly mend.

" You bashed her jaw ? Well, pay the Court
 A fine of twenty shilling ;
 I'm sure a thorough good old sport
 Like you will be quite willing."
 This has a wonderful effect
 Upon a fellow's self-respect.

ADVICE TO YOUNG CRIMINALS

[A wealthy lady of Chicago has started a movement for the better clothing of criminals. "A good silk hat, a frock-coat, and a decent tie," she declares, "would be the saving of many a man who has drifted into a career of crime."]

CHEER up, Bill, and don't be afraid ;
We're placing a deal of reliance
On the wonderful strides that are made
By American criminal science.

It isn't original sin,
It isn't disease or temptation,
Or even a fancy for gin
That spoils a man's chance of salvation.

It's merely a matter of clothes :
You'll not be dishonest or rowdy,
Or given to scandalous oaths,
If you try to avoid being dowdy.

Come down in a good morning coat
To breakfast, instead of pyjamas ;
And see that you carefully note
The fashions, and then you'll not harm us.

The villain who loses his head
And murders his wife in a passion
Might have been a churchwarden instead
If only he'd dressed in the fashion.

The bigamist, cut-throat, and thief
Who gets in the hands of a copper,
A thousand to one comes to grief
Though wearing a shocking bad topper.

Just get up regardless of pelf,
If you don't want to go to the dogs;
Your soul will look after itself
If you only look after your togs.

And if these precautions should fail,
And they bring you to gaol and repentance,
If you're dressed in your best, I'll go bail
You'll get a more lenient sentence.

OUR POINT OF VIEW

[“ It did not seem fair for men to condemn women when they themselves smoked. *Yet in a way it was creditable to them*, because men put women on a higher plane of refinement and delicacy than they themselves occupied, and it sometimes was distressing to men to see women not being quite up to that high ideal.”—*From a speech by CANON PAIGE COX at a women’s meeting at Chester.*]

Now, girls, this is all very well ; you
Must realize our point of view
When we ask you to do what we tell you
And never to do what we do.
When we ask you to put into practice
The excellent virtues we—preach,
This division of labour, in fact, is
The fairest for each.

When we tell you this habit of smoking
Is a nasty degenerate vice,
You mustn't assume that we're joking
And point to our pipes. That's not nice.
Remember that just to have said it
(Whatever we happen to do)
Is a thing to be put to our credit
From our point of view.

When we tell you our habits would hurt you
 Endeavour to look at it thus :—
We set up a standard of virtue
 Far higher for you than for us ;
And that is because we're so humble—
 So modest (and proud of it, too) ;
We're awfully good. Do you tumble
 To our point of view ?

We blame you because you are higher
 Than we, and should be higher still ;
In fact, in your case we require
 A total abstention from ill.
But when we're less ambitious, the oddest
 Thing happens—for we expect you
To praise us for being so modest :
 That's our point of view.

A SPECULATION IN FUTURES

[At the annual dinner of the National Union of Journalists, Mr. G. K. Chesterton made the suggestion that if all the journalists present wrote for one year nothing but what they really felt, England would be saved.]

WHEN every little journalist
Expresses everything he thinks,
And every Prohibitionist
Confesses everything he drinks,

When M.P.'s mean the things they tell
And G. K. C. tells what he means,
When tipsters use the tips they sell,
When every patent cleaner cleans,

When Peace Conventions study peace
And stop discussing how to fight,
When admirals from bickering cease
And politicians grow polite,

When words unparliamentary
Are never heard in Parliament,
And when a fire inventory
Is made with no attempt to invent,

A Speculation in Futures 73

When pubs are public property
 Instead of private drinking shops,
When coffee isn't chicory,
 When beer is beer and hops are hops,

When Socialists are social, and
 Reformers first themselves reform,
When Nonconformists understand
 They can't make everyone conform—

When all these wonders come to light,
 When all these happy dreams come true,
Then England will be saved all right ;
 Till then, she'll have to muddle through.

TO JULIA

WHO MAY TELL HIM ANYTHING

[Mr. W. T. Stead professes to have obtained an interview with the spirit of the late Mr. W. E. Gladstone. The interview was arranged through "Julia," who on earth was a Chicago journalist, and is now Mr. Stead's agent in the spirit-world. The views Mr. Gladstone expressed were chiefly confined to the present political situation, and do not appear to differ in any respect from Mr. Stead's own views on the subject.]

WHENAS my Julia brings me flowers
Of speech from other worlds than ours
I marvel greatly at her powers.

I gladly go to keep my tryst
With her who did on earth exist
As a Chicagoe journalist.

Nor has her gentle sprite forgot
A single syllable of what
She learnt in that romantic spot.

And when she speaks with fluent ease,
In her celestial journelese
Right trulie doe her accents please.

This gives me many a cause to trust
That when I die, as die I must,
I need not let my pen goe rust.

And this is passing sweet, but then
The best of all I love her when
She puts me through to Grand Old Men.

(These words may sound a little strange.
It pleases Julia to arrange
Things like a telephone exchange.)

I listen spellbound while the great
Departed ones corroborate
My views on grave affairs of State.

JUSTICE

[Mr. G. B. Shaw is reported to have said that we should allow a man to commit a certain number of crimes, just as we allow him to have a certain number of illnesses.]

THOUGH some men are shrinking from crime
In this sad puritanical time
 As something alarming
 It's really charming,
And not very far from sublime.

I'm ready, of course, to confess
We mustn't indulge to excess.
 The question, you see,
 Is one of degree,
Though awkward at first to assess.

Since dogs have been held to be quite
Entitled to one trial bite,
 A superior being,
 We can't help agreeing,
Has claims to a similar right.

Then a man with a delicate touch,
Who knows just exactly how much
 Homicide he can stand
 Without being unmanned
Why, he ought to be treated as such.

For it seems such a pity to waste
An artist who acts without haste,
 And chooses with skill
 The right blood to spill,
Picking all his material with taste.

But on one point I hope you'll agree :
If his fancy should fall upon me
 We ought to debar
 Him from going too far
And hang him at once on a tree.

THE POWER OF SONG

[An American lady who runs a dairy-farm declares that by playing and singing to her cows she gets an output of milk from them that is one-third greater than that they gave before.]

ONE morn I rose up with the sun,
A most unusual thing,
And one that's easier said than done,
Unless you are a King.
(You may have heard the German Kaiser
Wakes at five, but I am wiser.)

I wandered over fields of grass
All moistened with the dews
(A thing that no one but an ass
Would do in patent shoes);
And there I heard a maiden bringing
In the cows, and gaily singing.

Her voice was a soprano voice,
As many voices are;
'Twas rather powerful than choice,
And could be heard afar.
According to my recollection
She sang of passionate affection.

She sang about some faithless swain
Who broke his lady's heart.
She sang with all her might and main
And very little art,
Till I resolved to have a look, who
'Twas that thus outsang the cuckoo.

Said I, "Pray tell me, for I long
To know what causes thee
To sing so sorrowful a song
In such a tone of glee.
Tell me what mystic satisfaction
Can you find in such an action."

"Good sir, my little song," quoth she,
"Acts as a stimulus.
The cows give thirty-three point three
Per cent. more output thus.
And, though my song is not a very
Happy one, my heart is merry."

GOOD NEWS

[Herr Walser, a German scientist, has made the discovery that Europe is drying up.]

UPON a dark and wintry day
In the middle of July,
The hail made havoc with the hay,
And thunder filled the sky.

That leaden sky, relieved with streaks
Of lightning, forking bright,
Looked like as it would last for weeks,
And turned the day to night.

The rain came down like cats and dogs,
At such a rapid rate ;
It wellnigh washed away the logs
That lay upon the grate.

The tempest lowered as tempests can,
It lowered through the roof.
We whispered : " Heaven help the man
That has no waterproof."

We gazed through rattling window-panes,
At the grisly growing pools
That turned the gentle country lanes
To giant gooseberry fools.

And saw, a-swimming through the flood
 And struggling with the mire,
 A messenger enmeshed in mud,
 Bringing our *Daily Wire*.

We asked : What news could justify
 A risk so very rash ?
 And while the lightning rent the sky,
 We found it in a flash.

It was not Mr. Asquith's views
 On filling up the cup,
 But that great and glorious piece of news—
 That Europe's drying up.

VOICE PRODUCTION

THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN

[A professor of voice production explains his method as follows : " When you hear a baby cry, you have the key to my system. A baby cries naturally. It uses its vocal chords so as to be able to produce the maximum of clear sound with the minimum exertion for the longest possible time. It has the secret of voice production in perfection."]

CAN you hear the children crying, O my brothers ?

Hear the full, rich sound begin

As they're drawing the attention of their mothers

To a slightly misplaced pin.

The parsons are preaching from the pulpits ;

The statesmen are stuttering in vain ;

And actors apostrophizing full pits ;

Not one can make his meaning plain.

But the young, young children, O my brothers !

By some quaint instinctive choice

Have discovered what is lacking in the others

In production of the voice.

Do you question the young children for their version,

Why their chest notes sound so strong ?

How they manage with the minimum exertion

To sustain those notes so long ?

Every one of them's a miniature Caruso,
 And it does but sing because it must.
 The power that enables it to do so
 Is within the means of anyone, I trust.
 It isn't so much lack of cultivation
 That makes your voice so thin ;
 What it wants is merely application—
 Application of a pin !

ANOTHER COMPLEXION

["For the past six months inoculations for beautifying the complexion have constituted a large part of the daily work at the inoculation department at St. Mary's Hospital. . . . The ordinary patient seeking treatment for a bad complexion will receive in his first dose about 125 millions of staphylococci, with perhaps five millions of the acne bacilli."—*Daily Paper*.]

IF you wish to succeed
As a beauty you need
Little more than a dainty complexion ;
And the hue of the peach
Is in everyone's reach
Who can follow a simple direction.

The lady who seeks
To illumine her cheeks
With rouge, needs the hand of an artist.
She may, or she mayn't,
Look as pretty as paint,
Tho' it's said to be done by the smartest.

There are others who pin
No faith on a skin
That owes all its beauty to make-up ;
So they rise with the sun
On every one
Of the mornings they manage to wake up.

Then they gather the dew
 (Say a bucket or two)
 From the grass and the trees and the flowers.
 It's easy to sing,
 But I doubt if the thing
 Can be done within twenty-four hours.

No, the best plan, I swear, is
 To go to St. Mary's
 And have a hole made in your shoulder;
 They'll pump in a dope
 That'll beat any soap,
 And before you are very much older

You'll find your complexion
 'S a dream of perfection :
 It adds a new charm to your features.
 You're chock-full of foxy
 Young staphylococci—
 The dear little health-giving creatures !

A BACKSLIDER

[At a meeting of the Yorkshire Evangelist Union at Leeds, the suggestion was made that a law should be passed that no clergyman should ever dine late.]

THE Reverend Simon Peter Rockes
Was thoroughly sound and orthodox.

It made no difference whether he spoke
To the squire, the doctor, or humbler folk,

And whether his text was the Pentateuch,
Or Marie Corelli's last new book.

On vestments, stoles, original sin,
Or the place where charity ought to begin,

The actual site of the field of Mars,
Or the ethics of raffling at bazaars,

The relative value of faith and works,
The wrongs of the Macedonian Turks,

Predestination, or free-will,
Or the Liberal Education Bill—

On any subject you could broach
His views were quite beyond reproach.

And every one of his flock averred
His deed was quite as good as his word.

He helped the poor, he helped the rich,
And helped the fallen from the ditch.

He kept the rectory in repair
(Excepting usual wear and tear),

And every day he lunched at one
Off a glass of milk and a currant bun,

And managed to keep himself alive
With a high old tea at half-past five,

Consisting of Indian tea and ham
And eggs, and apple-and-blackberry jam.

You'd have thought he was saved beyond all
question,

But he hadn't a very good digestion.

And the Devil found his armour's joint
And pierced him at a tender point.

He sent an evil spirit in—
To his soul and lured him on to sin.

And now, alas ! I grieve to state,
He often dines as late as eight.

AN EMINENTLY SAFE DECISION.

[“No doubt there were faults on both sides.”—*Daily Paper*.]

WHEN you're asked to deliver off-hand
A judgment profound and minute
On something you don't understand,
Some delicate point in dispute,
If you seek for the sort of renown
That is earned by infallible guides,
Lay this principle down,
With an unbiassed frown :
“No doubt there were faults on both sides.”

If the parties that make the appeal
Are human, you're perfectly safe.
Never mind how indignant they feel,
Never mind if they grumble and chafe.
This easily memorized phrase
A world full of wisdom provides.
While humanity strays
In such various ways,
No doubt there were faults on both sides.

When a person who posed as your pal
Has cleverly settled your hash
By running away with your gal,
And helping himself to your cash,

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As a method of being consoled
Its charm it successfully hides
When lo and behold !
You are cheerily told :
No doubt there were faults on both sides.

I am longing to meet with the man
Who invented this sentence, alone
Some night after dark, if I can,
And bury him under a stone
Inscribed with the point of my knife,
“ Hereunder a body resides
Who departed this life,
In a moment of strife.
No doubt there were faults on both sides.”

ANOTHER WAY OF LOVE

[“What women really like is a rude, strong man, who knows his own mind and will not give way to them.”—*From a Contemporary.*]

If you're out for success
As a lover (see Press),
You mustn't be too sentimental.
You must shun like the plague
Saying anything vague,
Poetic, romantic, or gentle.

Be a primitive man,
If you possibly can ;
Summon up all the strength you can muster.
If you haven't enough,
You must make out with bluff.
It's very attractive, is bluster.

Having fastened your mind,
Out of all womankind,
On the one you've determined to marry,
Just nod when you meet
Her some day in the street,
And give her your parcels to carry.

Then speak of the honour
You're thrusting upon her
In taking her heart and her hand. It
Is not a request
(This point should be stressed),
Make it perfectly plain you demand it.

And if she appears
To be thinking of tears,
Indignation, or hauteur, or anger,
Let her see that you're fully
Equipped as a bully,
And set to to browbeat and slang her.

But of course if she's one
Of those maidens who've done
Calisthenics or Swedish Ju-jitsu,
These methods won't act
As a matter of fact,
And you mustn't blame me if she hits you.

THE PROPER ATTITUDE

SOME boys I know have not much sense.
They seem to take a most intense
Delight in swaggering because
They don't believe in Santa Claus.

I never say I don't believe
In Santa Claus on Christmas Eve,
For that's a very big mistake
For any little boy to make.

And I, for my part, know what's what
Too well to talk such tommy-rot ;
For where's the pleasure when you've done
In spoiling grown-up people's fun ?

It's better far to play the game :
And so I just behave the same
Exactly as I used to do
A year ago, before I knew.

I listen whilst I lie in bed
For Santa Claus's gentle tread ;
I used to think, before I knew,
He slid down by the chimney-flue.

The Proper Attitude

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He takes his slippers off before
He turns the handle of the door—
I hold my breath and he holds his ;
My goodness, what a job it is !

And then, although I'm fast asleep,
I manage just to get a peep,
And, as I thought, he bears a rather
More than striking look of Father.

I wonder if he knows I know.
I rather think he does, although
He likes to have a jolly lark,
Like me, and means to keep it dark.

SQUIBS POLITICAL

FREE FROM ALKALI

[“ And the comedians are told that if they must make political jokes at all they are to be neutral.—*Daily Paper.*]

KEEP a watch on your jests, my sonny,
For a jest is a wonderful thing,
It may cloy, like the bee's sweet honey—
Like the bees, it may also sting.

And the jests that lulled your father
To sleep in a sterner age
Would incite us moderns, rather,
To a fierce and blazing rage.

When you laugh at the dazzling splendour
Of our Party's pet reform,
Remember our skins are tender
And our brains are prone to storm.

A political jester tries us
To a point we refuse to bear,
So we see that he neutralizes
His fanciful whims with care.

He must have them carefully litmussed
With tests both red and blue,
For every political hit must
Be a dead grey neutral hue.

And what if our jesters charm less ?
What if their jokes fall flat ?
They are guaranteed perfectly harmless :
Let us thank our stars for that.

THE NEW PATRIOTISM

He sang of his love for England, and vowed by all the
gods

That come what might he'd fight for her, whatever were
the odds.

He sang of her hour of peril and his stern resolve to
serve her,

Filled with a fierce, unflinching, fixed, and fear-defying
fervour.

He spoke of sweet self-sacrifice in such a worthy cause,
And called on all to join him in upholding England's
laws.

Right willingly he said he'd shed his red blood to defend
her,

And give his life in the noble strife before he would
surrender.

He sang a song inviting his compatriots to stand
Shoulder to shoulder, hand-in-hand, to save their native
land.

He spoke of this necessity to every passing stranger
To fight for right and England, for England was in
danger.

And how can man die better than in responding to the
call

To stamp upon the menace that was threatening us all?
He let us understand (and he was eloquent and hearty)
He'd die to save his land—and incidentally his Party.

And all that his enthusiasm meant, upon my soul!
Was he'd let himself be driven a short distance to the
poll.

For he felt it inconsistent with his status as a voter
Not to approach the battle in a forty-horse-power motor.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

UP-TO-DATE

[A Leeds gentleman has just successfully contested the validity of the famous Form IV. One of his objections to the form was that the officer to whom the particulars were required to be furnished was a village blacksmith.]

Perched at his desk beside the forge

The village blacksmith stands

Assisting Mr. D. Lloyd George

With ledgers in his hands,

To make the village squire disgorge

The profits on his lands.

His face is wan and sore distraught,

His fingers ink-besprent,

His brow o'erwrought with anxious thought,

His back is badly bent ;

For nowadays he hammers nought
But unearned increment.

From morn to night, week in, week out,
You can hear him in his den
Wrestling many a weary bout
With his spluttering fountain pen ;
And working a world of figures out
That are quite beyond our ken.

The children turn their summersets
Around the open door ;
It entertains the little pets
To hear the landlord roar,
And to catch the burning epithets
He hurls upon Form IV.

Each Monday morn with eager zest
He goes upon his rounds,
And anyone who has not guessed
The riddles he propounds
Will shortly find himself assessed
In a fine of fifty pounds.

Posting, invoicing, entering
The details in his book,
Each morning sees some tax imposed,
Each evening some mistook.
No wonder he feels indisposed
And wears a worried look.

THE SAD HISTORY OF LITTLE VICTOR

[The Labour Party decided on Saturday to cut off Mr. Grayson's salary at the end of the present Parliament.—*Daily Paper.*]

Victor was both bad and bold ;
He never did as he was told ;
He pushed his way to Parliament
Without the L.R.C.'s consent.

He carried on like anything,
And even joked about the King ;
But, still more terrible by far,
He cursed our gentle friend the Tsar.

It makes me tremble to rehearse
His sins. He went from bad to worse ;
For when an angry Irish mob
Went off their heads and chucked their job,
And, getting in a blazing rage
About some question of a wage,
As workmen will about such trifles,
Had to be taught their place with rifles.
We sent our brave thin man in scarlet
To teach them ; but this shocking varlet—
He waved a bottle round his head.
And oh ! such awful things he said !
He said that, sooner than be shot,
He'd throw a bottle at the lot.

But this was nothing to the crimes
He came to do in later times.

The boys at Westminster were good,
And always did the best they could,
Trying to put a stop to bets
And babies smoking cigarettes.
One day they had a serious talk
On how far poor men ought to walk
On Sunday for a glass of ale,
When in strode Victor, hot and pale,
And bade them, with an angry jeer,
To leave the poor man and his beer,
And set to work discuss instead
The poor man and his loaf of bread.
Now, every idiot knows, I'll swear,
The poor man's bread's his own affair,
And Parliament can do no good
By meddling with the poor man's food.
E'en Parliament can't break the laws
Of supply and demand without just cause—
Such excellent cause as of course we get
In the case of beer and the cigarette.
And so the boys with awe beheld
Bad Victor solemnly expelled.
The Speaker was most dignified,
He had the power on his side.
And when we have the power we
Can well afford some dignity.
So Victor had to leave the place,
And off he went in sad disgrace.

But even worse than this befel ;
It almost makes me blush to tell.

Squibs Political

Let me see if I can hasten
O'er the dire misdeeds of Grayson.

A former friend, a godly youth,
Told the world the whole sad truth :
How on a certain summer's day
Th' abandoned villain drew his pay,
And when night fell—ah me !—the sinner !
He sat down to a four-course dinner.

So after this inhuman feast
He couldn't grumble in the least
Because his pocket-money ceased.

A WARNING

[“King James I. died of argue.”—*From a list of so-called
“howlers” given in The University Correspondent.*]

When modern scholarship unlocks
And reverently lifts the lid
Of that impenetrable box
Wherein the shrouded past lies hid,
And sweeps away the dust of mystery
That veils the true unwritten history,

It sometimes happens that some rare
Invaluable lesson may
Be drawn therefrom by those who care
To look at things the proper way
Instead of using higher criticism
As a mere butt for merry witticism.

King James had one great fault, no doubt
 (It's no use trying to pretend
He'd not). He loved to argue out
 Each question to the bitter end.
But when he died some base deceiver
Returned the cause of death as fever.

This wily doctor wished to hide
 His Royal master's faults, and meant
To keep his memory sanctified
 By throwing people off the scent.
(Some doctors can be very vague, you
Know), and so he called it "ague."

A modern scholar who is quick
 And well endowed with all the "R's"
Has, just in time, exposed the trick
 To warn us. (Let us thank our stars.)
The fell disease was "argue," surely,
That killed King James so prematurely.

This deadly microbe fills the air
 Around us like a thing accurst ;
Then let us take the greatest care,
 Lest we, too, fall like James I.
Let us escape this dread bacillus
Before it manages to kill us.

THERE ARE MORE THINGS IN HEAVEN AND EARTH——

[“ He was an unwavering believer in making posterity pay as much as it could. If a system of taxation could be devised which put the bulk of the burden on posterity, and would leave posterity to get out of the difficulty when the time arrived, an ideal Budget would have been found.”—*From a speech by the founder of a new league, formed to do away with cant, and to bring about a business Government for a business people.*]

Here is a brand-new party, open-minded and free,
Hail-fellow-well-met, hearty, none-of-your-cant-for-me,

Down with Radical screamers, down with Tory dukes,
Down with Socialist dreamers, up with ourselves,
gadzooks !

Down with men who rant about Free Trade or about
Protection,

Up with the men who expound the doctrine of business-
like perfection.

Hark to the gospel of business as a business man is con-
ceiving it,

Not in a fit of dizziness, but in all good faith believing
it——

To say taxation and representation should ever go hand
in hand

Is a bad mistake for a man to make, for electors under-
stand

Enough of the business principle to flare away like
rockets,

With a fury that's invincible if you touch their own good
pockets.

If you demand, on the other hand, that the Frenchmen
ought to pay,

There's just a chance that the men of France may have a
word to say.

To place a tax on living backs is an act of great temerity,
This indicates that a syndicate should be formed to tax
posterity.

What have the unborn done for us that they should
command respect ?

Further, how can they hit us back, even if they object ?

Let us exploit this useful weapon, and tax it up to the
hilt,

Leaving our sons in a debtor's prison that we ourselves
have built.

Let us consume our crops at once, returning naught to
the soil,

Let us enjoy to the full the results of our own and our
fathers' toil ;

Let us disentail the world that was ours and our sons in
perpetuity,

And rest from the strife of the strenuous life on a good
old fat annuity.

Let us strip the earth of its latent worth to our unborn
sons—and then

Let them thank their fate that their fathers were great
and glorious business men.

DISILLUSION

[The habit of scoring off the other party by publishing the political views of non-political offenders against the law appears to be spreading.]

There was a time for ever gone,
I was a sound Conservative,
Prepared at any time to give
A forcible opinion on
The flagrant fear-compelling flaws,
I found within our fiscal laws.

But then, it seems, some worthless chap
Who shared my views on Church and State
Was hauled before the magistrate
For driving with a horse and trap
Beyond the statutory pace—
An irretrievable disgrace.

This malefactor's lawless speed
Had soiled his cause with such a stain
I felt I could not well retain
My faith in such a person's creed,
So there and then a vow I made
To hymn the virtues of Free Trade.

My new-found faith enflamed at first
My soul with all a convert's zeal.
I raved off exports by the reel,
When suddenly the bubble burst.
Some good-for-nothing Free Trade lout
Was sent to gaol for sleeping out.

I could not join with such a rogue
In dogmas he had dyed with shame,
And so when Socialism came
To be a fashionable vogue
I shook new comrades by the fist
And started as a Socialist.

And now some Socialistic scamp
Betrays his party and exhausts
My patience. Fined five bob and costs
For bicycling without a lamp.
These disconcerting bits of news
Have left me without any views.

FREE LOVE

[Lady MacLaren's suggestion that wives should be paid a salary by their husbands has provoked a good deal of ridicule on the part of the lords of creation.]

Now then, boys, I think I see a
Glimmer of a new idea.
Here's an opportunity
For a merry bit of glee.
Here's a strange idea. Quick!
Let us each heave half a brick.

Aren't these ladies getting clever?
Well I never! Did you ever
Hear the like? Instead of basking
In our favour they are asking
For an independent screw
For the work they have to do,
Just the same as me and you.

Let us split our sides with laughter.
Isn't it absurd that after
All the pains we took to shove
Notions of the higher love
In their heads they've failed to learn—
"Love asks nothing in return."

Love asks nothing, ladies ; therefore
When you see a man you care for
We must ask you to await his
Orders and obey them gratis ;
You must wash and mend his raiment,
Never asking any payment.

Cook his breakfast, dinner, tea,
Supper—everything quite free.
What is that you're saying ? What ?
Love is asking quite a lot ?
Now you have confirmed the rumour
Ladies have no sense of humour.

THE DAWN OF A NEW AGE

[Mr. Luttrell, M.P., has introduced a Bill to allow the destitute to sleep out.]

When your boss cuts down expenses and he's given you
the bag,
When you've looked for other shops until you're sick ;
When you've popped your bits of blankets till you
haven't got a rag,
And the rent-collector drops down double-quick ;

If you fancy doing nothing in the blooming workhouse
yards,

Where they'll neither make 'em work nor let 'em play,
If you're not very particular about your choice of pards,
Well, just you go and try it for a day.

When you've tried to join the Army, and they've given
you a bob

And run a bit of tape about your chest,
And found it's just an inch or two too empty for the job,
Then life begins to lose its interest.

Some say it's due to sunspots, and some put it down to
drink,

And others say bad times is caused by vice ;
At any rate, it's something to have made the beggars
think—

But thinking isn't filling at the price.

Still, after all this thinking, there's someone going to act
(It seems to me it's time that someone did) ;

He's going to do things properly this time, and that's a
fact,

He's going to put the matter straight, no kid.

Philanthropy is bucking up like one o'clock to day,

We're moving fast, there isn't any doubt.

For if this chap in Parliament can only get his way,

They're going to let the destitute sleep out.

A LOYAL AND TRUE LITTLE FREE LAND

[New Zealand has offered to give a first-class battleship to the Mother Country—two if necessary. This magnificent offer, if accepted in full, will cost her £4,000,000, or nearly half her yearly revenue. She has set us an example in other virtues that we might well copy.]

Daddy Neptune one morning to Britain gave warning :
You're proud of your cotton and steel and
Your coal and your ships ; but you might take some tips
From your wonderful daughter New Zealand.

Now, there is a really free land,
A nice little, wise little, wee land ;
Your generous daughter, who lives o'er the water—
A sane little brain has New Zealand.

Your workmen and masters cause untold disasters,
Neglecting the great commonweal, and
They lock out and strike, as much as they like,
But they never do that in New Zealand.
They arbitrate down in New Zealand ;
They've immense common sense in New Zealand.
The classes and masses don't quarrel like asses.
They shake hands like men in New Zealand.

Now, in England, I guess, when a man's in distress,
You don't *do* much, whatever you feel ; and
He'll rot out his life, with his kids and his wife,
In the workhouse. They don't in New Zealand.
They set him to work in New Zealand,
To plough and to hoe on the free land ;
And if he's alive when he's reached sixty-five
He has ten bob a week in New Zealand.

Then you fight for your lives with your sweethearts and
wives,

And guffaw when the pretty dears squeal and
Make themselves ill, locked in prison or grille.

They don't need to do that in New Zealand.

They don't ask for votes in New Zealand ;

They attend to the family meal, and

They sew and they knit and don't henpeck a bit,

For they've all got the vote in New Zealand.

And when the old Motherland fears that some other land's
Trying a march for to steal, and

Hesitates twice about paying the price

Of security, up comes New Zealand.

Build ships, says loyal New Zealand,

And grips with her trusty-as-steel hand ;

Offers her gold—four millions all told—

Open-handed and candid New Zealand.

Remember the moral, and don't let us quarrel,

Trust your wives as they do in New Zealand ;

And try to avoid leaving men unemployed,

But find them some work on the free land.

There's money in this L.S.D. land ;

Stump it up for King George's Navee land !

We'll have no occasion to fear an invasion,

If only we copy New Zealand.

Then we shan't need to sponge on New Zealand.

READY-MADE AND BESPOKE.

[An enterprising West End emporium is prepared to supply political speeches.]

Now, gentlemen, step up and buy
Before we have sold all our stock out,
For we are the firm to supply
A speech that's a regular knock-out.

Our ready-made line never fails,
It's morally sure to arouse and
Electrify voters. The sales
Are nearing the twentieth thousand.

We leave a blank space for the name
Of your party and pet panacea,
But the arguments used are the same
For each. Do you see the idea?

You start by explaining it grieves
You to see others breaking their pledges,
You call them a kitchen of thieves,
Or, better still, thin ends of wedges.

Then a few funny stories are sure
To add to your hearers' enjoyment,
And help them to swallow your cure
For that handy disease—unemployment.

But if you prefer something chaste
More out-of-the-way and uniquer,
We've goods to appeal to the taste
Of the daintiest-palated speaker.

Squibs Political

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We've speeches to suit the elect
(The price is a little bit higher),
With more than a hundred select
Synonymous phrases for liar.

Now, gentlemen, come and inspect
The excellent goods we've in store. You
Mustn't be late. Recollect,
Your opponent may slip in before you.

WHY ?

[It is being stated, with some show of authority, that the police had received information of an attempt to molest Mr. Birrell in no common manner. Mr. Birrell made his way through the hall and towards the platform under an escort of detectives in front and behind, while one actually walked on either side of him !]

Why so well-protected, Master
Birrell ? Why this guard,
Sent to shield thee from disaster
Out of Scotland Yard ?
Why this bodyguard ?

What are these stout watch-dogs doing
Round thee everywhere ?
What is this deep plot a-brewing ?
Why this craven scare ?
Why so full of care ?

Why that visage overspread by
Dread, that was so gay ?
Is it fear of being fed by
Rubber tubing, eh ?
Why this sad dismay ?

Squibs Political

Why should every little rumour
 Raise thine hair on end,
 Robbing thee of all thy humour,
 Let me recommend
 Courage, gentle friend.

How can this lead to improvement ?
 Will, when jesters fail
 To arrest the women's movement,
 Bodyguards prevail ?
 Prythee, do not quail.

Fie, fie, for shame ! This will not do—
 This will not break them,
 When gentle argument falls through
 Nothing will shake them,
 Or I mistake them.

THE EARL AND THE GIRLS

[“ If all girls refuse to speak to the men who are not efficient
 in the Territorials, the force will soon be complete.”—EARL
 ROBERTS.]

Now, girls, just make a careful note,
 You've got no physical force,
 And so you cannot have a vote—
 You see the point, of course ?

You can't, you see, defend our land
 Against the foreign foe,
 Or guide the traffic in the Strand
 That surges to and fro.

Squibs Political

113

But there are lots of little jobs
For willing girls to do,
So come and take advice from "Bobs"—
He knows a thing or two.

Our Terriers, to tell the truth,
Are brave but insufficient,
And you alone can spur each youth
To make himself efficient.

And so if you would really like
To help our mighty nation,
You've only got to go on strike
And save the situation.

It's quite a simple little plan—
You mustn't talk, or, still
Less, walk with a civilian
Who doesn't know his drill.

You mustn't go to see a play
Or entertain to tea,
Dance, flirt, or skate, or even say
A word to such as he.

Just cut off all those little treats
That young men value so.
You mustn't let him give you sweets,
Or flowers, or books, you know.

It's really quite an easy task
This project of the Earl's.
It isn't very much to ask,
So help us, there's good girls.

A NEW ELECTION CRY

[“Every penny spent by boys and girls on sweetmeats goes to the King.”—*From an essay by a Liverpool schoolboy.*]

Do you ever, gentle reader,
When you hear a party leader
Mesmerize a mammoth meeting with some memorable
spell—

Do you pant with perturbation
Lest the coming generation
May not find another superman to say such things so
well?

Do you sometimes wonder whether,
Taking everything together,
Such a wonder-working wizard is unlikely to be found
Who can fill the proud positions
Of our present politicians
When it happens (as alas ! it must) that these are under-
ground?

Let me banish your misgiving :
There's a child already living
Who can do the trick like one o'clock, and hasn't yet
left school ;
He has crystallized election
Economics to perfection—
And the proud and happy city of his birth is Liverpool.

Go and ask the House of Peers
And their foes, the Budgeteers,

(And between them they've concocted many a pleasant-spoken plan)

How to have your cake and eat it,

And he'll find a plan to beat it,

For there's no mistake about the matter; he's the coming man.

He's a marvel at combining

That proportion of refining

Sentiment with self-development that all our statesmen sing,

And his watchword is that "Any

Boy or girl who spends a penny

On his (or her) refreshment gives that penny to the King."

LINES TO THE SPEAKER

[SIR HENRY DALZIEL. Mr. Speaker, is it your ruling that the word "fraud," applied to individuals and political parties, is in order?

THE SPEAKER. Applied to an individual, it would certainly be out of order. As applied to a party, I see no objection.]

• Omnipotent censor of manners

To those who engage in the frays

That are fought 'neath the bellying banners

That Asquith and Balfour upraise;

Almighty dispenser of rapture

Or woe to the gamesters who vie

The one with the other to capture

Your much-besought eye.

Twice blest are those fortunate mortals
Nigh bursting with long-pent-up speech,
For whom you unlock the great portals
Which only the favoured may reach,
Giving tongue, while you sit circumspective
And ever alert, specify
The proper amount of invective
That each may let fly.

Though my dose of original sin 'll
Outweigh my discretion at times,
And tempt me to write Mr. Ginnell
Condoning (in secret) his crimes,
I put the temptation behind me,
Applauding your wisdom sky-high,
For your latest decisions remind me
We see eye to eye.

Then here's to your latest decision,
Which long may I live to applaud.
It expresses my views with precision :
Should any apply the term " fraud "
To a party—that weary collection
Of windbags and wirepullers—why,
You say that you see no objection—
And neither do I.

SUFFICIENT FOR THE DAY

["If once this people takes to thinking about politics all the time, and not only at long intervals, why, then . . . but my imagination boggles, staggers, declines altogether to visualize or even dimly to adumbrate the changes some of us may yet have to see."—"HUBERT," in the *Sunday Chronicle*.]

Oh ! sweeter far than nectar,
 Or any other drink,
 It is for the elector
 At intervals to think
 And exercise the tissues
 That constitute his brain
 In wrestling with the issues
 That rend the State in twain.

And as the joyous season
 Swings merrily along,
 And all these buds of reason
 Burst forth in flowers of song
 Of eloquence and pious
 Ejaculations blent
 With cries of "Ananias!"
 To signify dissent,

Some people might endeavour
 To lengthen out such bliss
 And make it last for ever.
 I don't believe in this.
 For e'en the sweetest pleasure,
 I've heard some sage explain,
 Beyond a certain measure
 Prolonged produces pain.

Squibs Political

That's why I think this present
Ecstatical debate
Might turn out quite unpleasant
If carried on too late.
Does your imagination
Decline to visualize
The awful situation?
I think it's very wise.



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